

My Draculove

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by [icycas](#)

Summary

George just wants his vampire boyfriend to lose all control and show him how dangerous he can really be.

Request: Possessive vampire Dream with bratty human George

Notes

DISCLAIMER: Please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with this pairing being written about explicitly. This story is entirely fiction, but these are real people. Please don't harass anyone in this fic about pairings or their sexuality – I recognize that Dream and George are both straight; this is just self indulgence. If either of them ever state that this type of content makes them uncomfortable, I will delete my work.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Carefully tiptoeing in, George shut the heavy oak door behind him, not wanting to alert his boyfriend.

“George...” Dream said lowly, in a dangerous tone.

Well, fuck. He should have guessed that his undead boyfriend would have better than human hearing based on all the other experiences they’ve shared.

“Yes...?” George asked nervously, turning to face the stark white boy.

“Have you forgotten what I said? Don’t come in tonight.”

“Because it’s too dangerous,’ I know, Dream! You tell me this every month!” George rolled his eyes at his dramatic partner. Whenever it hit the last day of each month, the taller boy would be insistent on George staying away from him. He never gave a reason, just that George should stay clear of him until the day ended. George finally got fed up by the vagueness of it all that he decided to see for himself how “dangerous” visiting his boyfriend could possibly be.

“Leave. Now,” Dream ordered, pupils dilating to enshroud his deep crimson irises.

George felt a shiver crawl down his spine at the sight of his boyfriend bearing his razor sharp fangs, but he gulped and stood tall.

“No.”

Dream couldn’t control himself for much longer, not with his boyfriend’s scent lingering so strongly in front of him. The smaller boy smelled like a fresh meal, like a bleeding lamb, eyes wide and glossy. The taller boy could feel the drool collecting in his mouth from how delicious George smelled, but he needed to swallow down his primal desire to get the boy out as fast as possible before he lost all control.

Dream rested his forehead against the wooden door, trapping George between him and the exit while sweating from trying his best not to just rip the boy’s throat out.

“George, fuck, please I’m begging you to leave. You can’t be here right now.”

“I’m staying, Dream. I’m not leaving you.”

Why did I have to fall in love with such a stubborn idiot, the pale boy questioned.

George pressed a hand against the blonde’s chest. “Stop being dramatic, I’m not a kid.”

“You’re pushing your luck, lamb.”

George grinned. “You’re not as scary as you think you are. Those little fangs are all for show, aren’t they?” The brunette knew he was teetering on a steep slope, but even after the years had Dream admitted his... *interesting background* ... the taller boy had never once let his composure fall. Dream had been murky with the details about being a vampire, but the one fact that he made absolutely clear was that he never drank human blood. There had been times when George caught the dangerous stare his boyfriend gave to his neck, and he would be lying if he said that the thought of Dream marking him up didn’t turn him on. If the brown eyed boy was being completely honest, he was growing frustrated. He wanted nothing more than for his boyfriend to wreck him, leave marks on him for weeks.

“Come on, show me what you’ve got,” George grinned as he scraped his thumb across the blonde’s fang, cutting it.

Dream immediately stumped backwards, covering his mouth as his eyes went wide and his

breathing grew heavy.

“George... you’re gonna regret that,” the taller boy choked out, quickly losing control. George only smiled smugly before dropping his head to the side, exposing his neck. In a flash, Dream dived forward, sinking his fangs into the exposed shoulder of the shorter boy, holding him in place as he felt the warm crimson liquid fill his mouth. George groaned, but let his boyfriend take control.

“Nnngn,” the shorter boy writhed under the grasp.

Pulling his ivory teeth out, Dream began to lap at the two punctures, reveling in how rich the flavor was. Panting against the sensitive skin, Dream licked a long stripe from the two bite marks up to the boy’s neck. George shifted his thighs, feeling an uncomfortable hardness forming between his crotch from the stimulation along his neck.

“Dream... let’s take this somewhere else,” George whined breathlessly.

When the two got into the bedroom, George kicked off his pants and helped his boyfriend with his shirt. The taller boy pushed George onto the bed, nipping lightly at the boy’s thighs. When Dream reached the tender portion of the brown eyed boy’s inner thigh, he bit down. George grabbed at the sheets in pain, watching as blood dripped down his smooth skin. The red eyed boy alternated between kisses and light laps at the delicate skin, causing George to blush from how desperate he felt.

“Fuck, you taste so good,” Dream moaned, unable to control himself from biting again.

The brunette threw his head back, whining from the pain. Reaching down, George began to palm himself through his boxers, moaning from the pleasure. Climbing up, Dream grabbed the boy’s wrists with one hand to pin them down against the mattress, and with the other, he fully undressed the boy. George blushed at the exposure, feeling shy at the intense gaze.

“Wh-what?” George stuttered, to which Dream only grinned in response.

“So beautiful... and you’re all mine,” the pale boy responded before swiping a thumb across the British boy’s nipple, watching as the other boy grew flustered. Dream loved being overly loving to his human boyfriend, and found it entertaining how embarrassed George would get when Dream would confess his unfiltered affections.

“Just.. hurry up.” George turned his head, breaking the passionate eye contact to try and hide his flushed cheeks.

“Whatever you say, princess,” Dream smiled up, and George felt his heart flutter. The tall boy’s hair under the dim lights caused some strands of his dirty blonde to illuminate when he shifted, causing the locks to appear like a pool of liquid gold. His red eyes contrasted against his pale milky skin caused them to shine intensely, saturation on par with the blood dripping down George’s thighs. Eyes trailing down, the shorter boy admired the vampire’s figure. *Very nice indeed*, George thought to himself.

“Now look who’s staring,” Dream chuckled, licking the other boy’s nipple while keeping eye contact.

“Mmmm shut up,” George moaned with little resolve in his tone.

Releasing his grip on the smaller boy’s hands, Dream tugged off his own pants and George’s before coating his fingers with lube. Pushing a digit into George, he was caught by surprise.

Raising an eyebrow, Dream looked up at George. “Already prepped?”

George blushed. “Well... yeah.”

Dream smiled in response, flashing his fang before dragging a thumb across his own bottom lip to collect the blood there. After licking at the viscous liquid, the taller boy used the combination of his spit and lube to coat his cock. Teasing the boy beneath him, Dream began to thrust lightly against George’s hole, purposely missing the entrance each time.

“Fucking put it in already,” the brown eyed boy complained, annoyed at his boyfriend. Shoving himself in one motion, Dream buried his cock to the hilt.

“FUCK,” George screamed as his nails digged into the other boy’s arm from the sudden fullness.

“Don’t be a fucking brat,” Dream growled, dragging his fangs along the boy’s neck. The pressure wasn’t enough to draw blood, but the light drag of the incisors caused George to shiver with anticipation. Pounding into him harder, Dream groaned at the tightness.

“I’m.. only.. mmFmm.. like this.. because you can’t... ahhh! fuck me well enough,” George panted out between moans. Even though the pair knew that the statement was a blatant lie, the shorter boy loved to aggravate Dream, and judging by the animalistic growl the other boy gave, George would say that it worked.

“Yeah? This cock not good enough for you? Why don’t you fuck someone else then,” Dream snarled before biting right where George’s neck met his shoulder. The sting on the tender area caused tears to well up in George’s eyes, but he couldn’t help but be more turned on by the pain and satisfaction that Dream was finally ravaging him the way he had always imagined.

When the crimson eyed boy felt the other boy subtly pushing himself back onto his cock, he knew that George was close. Grabbing his boyfriend’s waist, Dream began to fuck in harder, with more deliberate thrusts to aim for George’s sweet spot. After the boy beneath him began to claw at his back, he knew that he found it and began to relentlessly fuck into the area.

“Dream! Ahhnng feels so good!” George cried out, head fuzzy from the pleasure and blood loss.

“Who can fuck you this good?” Dream asked, lapping at the drying blood.

“You! Only you! I’m gonna cum!” Trembling from the pleasure, George buried his face in the crook of Dream’s neck while hugging his boyfriend to try and muffle his screams. Not long after, Dream pulled out to cum along the other boy’s chest, coating him.

After the vampire finished, he carefully pulled George off of him. “Hey, are you okay?”

George blinked slowly, feeling tired. “Mhhmmm.”

“Fuck, did I got overboard?” Dream asked, mostly to himself, before springing up to go to the kitchen. Grabbing some food he kept around the house for his human boyfriend, the boy returned.

“Here, drink this,” Dream said gently, guiding the bottle to George’s lips. The other boy obediently drank, humming in response when he drank enough.

“I’m fine Dream, you drank way less than a pint. I’m not gonna die,” George laughed.

“Shit... you really shouldn’t have come today. I shouldn’t have drank your blood,” Dream said with regret laced words.

George reached a hand up to caress his boyfriend's face. "How about we make it a treat once in a while?"

Dream couldn't help his heart skip a beat at the proposition. "You need to stop me if you ever feel like this again, got it?"

"I will, that's why we have a safe word. Really, I'm fine. Here, come lay with me," George smiled, snuggling up against his boyfriend.

"You know I don't sleep during the night," Dream mumbled, half-heartedly annoyed.

"I know that you love cuddling me."

"Yeah... I do."

End Notes

I'm starting school tomorrow so updates will start to slow down by a lot. I still enjoy writing, so I won't be quitting, but I won't be able to keep up my intense schedule anymore. I honestly have no clue what my new posting schedule is gonna look like (possibly once a week?) but I will try my best. Thank you for understanding!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!